

THE
Johnson Journal



June Issue

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1944

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THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

The Student Publication of the Johnson High School, North Andover, Mass.

Vol. XIX JUNE ISSUE, 1944 No. 4

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EDITORIAL

ON BEHALF OF TEACHERS

I do not want anyone to think I am trying to preach or to win the good will of my teachers. But after spending four years at Johnson, during which time no one else has taken up this question, I think it is time for someone to speak about it.

Walking through the high school during recess or before and after school, you will hear many remarks like the following from groups of students:

"Oh, I can't *stand* that woman!"

"Who does he think he is, giving us all that work!"

"She smiles at you, but she's just waiting to cut your throat!"

These complaints, those of you who have not already recognized them, are directed at that much-maligned and undefended group at Johnson, the faculty. The fact that many of these remarks are made thoughtlessly does not excuse them; it makes them all the more serious.

I am sure that the majority of students at Johnson are intelligent and reasonable. Whenever they are in trouble or have difficulty with some part of their school work, the teachers are the first ones to be consulted. Any student who honestly tries to solve his own problems before asking help will receive all the cooperation in the world from the faculty. Why, then, is there so much griping and grumbling about the teachers? Why is it not just as easy to say something nice about them, or if a compliment is beyond a student, at least nothing at all? Hearing your companions tearing down the faculty members is no reason to follow suit.

Let's start something new at Johnson High by giving credit where credit is due—to our teachers.

Barbara Dandeneau, '44

OUR OBLIGATION TO OUR COMMUNITY

Our obligation to our school and community is something that cannot be measured in dollars and cents. It is measured in human lives, the lives of our fathers, brothers, and sweethearts who have gone and are to go forth to war in years past, present and future. They offer their lives to give us the freedoms which we cherish so dearly, freedom of speech, freedom of worship, freedom from fear and freedom from want. Our obligation to them is to keep those freedoms.

We, the girls, can do this by learning the manner of running the government and seeing to it that our community, state and federal governments are properly run. We should see that corrupt politicians do not get control of our country.

Our boys will soon be going forth to fight. Some of them have already. They have sacrificed their homes and their loved ones. We must not and we will not let them down. We must and we will pay this obligation.

Margaret Connelly, '44

FEDERAL CONTROL OF EDUCATION

I believe that federal control of education is necessary in the United States because of the high illiteracy rate which prevails in this country at the present. Over four million persons over ten years of age cannot read or write in any language. This is a little over 4% of the population. The population of some of our southern states are 16% illiterate and the fundamental reason for this defect is that these states are unable to spend a sufficient amount on education.

In New York in 1937 the state government received \$11,138,000 revenue on incomes. Because of this high revenue, New York is able to spend \$166 per pupil per year, and the illiteracy rate is about 3.7%. However, in Alabama, where the state income on taxes was only \$671,000, the government was able to spend only \$54 per pupil per year, and the result is that Alabama's rate of illiteracy is 12%. State governments yearly spend over two billion dollars on education, but this seemingly vast sum is just about equal to our annual bill for cigarettes.

In order to remedy this harmful deficiency of our present educational system, federal control is necessary. Certainly this would result in higher taxes, but would it not be worth while if we could bring our literacy rate at least up to that of Japan?

Herbert Sperry, '44

BASIC ENGLISH, INSTRUMENT OF PEACE

Today in a world disfigured by the pock-marks of war, people are working toward and praying for the day when peace will return to our land. Farsighted men are looking forward beyond the dawn of peace into the post-war world and are considering today the problems which will beset them tomorrow. People are coming to believe that there will be no lasting peace until nations have learned to live and work together for common goals. If nations are to pursue similar aims, they must understand one another, and to guarantee this, an international language is proposed.

Winston Churchill, during his recent visit to the United States, delighted the advocates of Basic English, a new form of international language, by putting in a plug for

thusiasm over the possibilities of the brainchild of I. A. Richards of their cause. He stated that he was en-Harvard, and C. K. Ogden of Cambridge, and had asked the British Cabinet to set up a committee to look into and report on the subject.

Basic English narrows the language down to eight hundred fifty essential words and a minimum of grammatical rules so that a foreigner could learn to speak English in two months instead of two years. English is considered a good choice because already it is the most used of any auxiliary language.

Basic English would primarily be used by statesmen, businessmen, tourists. Later when the idea had caught on, the common people would begin to use it.

This is what Basic English's press-agents have to say for it. Now let's challenge these statements.

First we want to know how a Chinese businessman who knows only Basic English could hope, with his limited vocabulary, to compete with a British or American businessman, with their complete grip on the intricacies of their language. A mere eight hundred fifty words gives one no "feeling" for a language and would not permit the verbal fencing common to most business transactions.

Our next objection is a twofold one. Why is English singled out for international use? Or rather, since we know the reason for so doing, is it a good idea? The lesser objection is that foreigners have always had great difficulty with our verbs because of the diverse meanings of a verb when prepositions are used with it. But there is a more important obstacle, that obstacle being a psychological one. The French consider their language more beautiful and

far superior to all others, as well as their cultural heritage. Likewise, the Chinese, the Russians, and all countries, respect their own language to the exclusion of others. Who is there who can persuade these people that their languages should be set aside in favor of English? The Frenchman is much more apt to learn English if Americans show an interest in learning French. Each person should learn one other Basic besides that of his own language. We will then have broken down a part of the mental isolation of not comprehending the cultural background of other peoples. Thus the first step will have been taken toward insuring good-will among nations. Only until we have shown ourselves broadminded and willing to study the languages and cultures of other nations, can we expect to put across this idea of Basic English as a universal language.

Barbara Dandeneau, '44

A CURE FOR JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

We are all familiar with the crime, juvenile delinquency, because we have heard so much about it since World War II began. After the attack on Pearl Harbor our people buckled down to the grim business of war. However, when our big brothers marched away with the Armed Forces and our fathers and mothers hurried away to work in defense factories, they left behind them a discontented generation of boys and girls who were too young to help one way or another, but old enough to be affected by war hysteria. Thus a crime wave termed juvenile delinquency has developed, spread, and now threatens to engulf the nation. Statistics prove

that the majority of these junior criminals are between the ages of twelve and eighteen years of age. That means that *our* generation is at fault, and I believe that it is up to us to help to stem this rising tide of young criminals, since you or I might become affected by this crime.

Because we are fortunate enough to live in a town which has not been overcrowded with defense factories and army camps, this crime is not as predominant here as in other communities. There is, nevertheless, a certain amount of juvenile delinquency which prevails right here in North Andover.

I believe that we could help to combat this crime by building a recreational center of our own. We could convert some hall or large room into a place where we could dance, eat, and have some good, clean fun at a price which wouldn't make our financially embarrassed escorts blush.

It is true, we have dances here at Johnson and at the various churches occasionally, but not often enough to keep our jiving cats and kittens happy. We have local restaurants, too, but a great many of our parents object to our patronizing them because they all sell liquor. Therefore, I can almost guarantee that our venture would be successful.

So how about it, kids? I know that we are as clever as the younger generation of other communities. Let's roll up our sleeves, put on our thinking caps, and go to work! With a little originality and perseverance, we could make our own teen-age night club that would be a howling success. We could solve that inevitable question, "What shall we do tonight?" and at the same time cure this disease called juvenile delinquency.

Ursula Fitzgerald, '44

LITERARY

YOUNG EXPERIMENTERS

When we were about eight, the gang found a book on poison gases and their effect. They fascinated us, so we decided to try a hand at making them. We headed for the dump and collected bottles, cans, or anything with something in it. We put everything we could think of in it, spoiled tomatoes, beans, tar, and even poison ivy berries. After mixing the mess, we built a roaring fire and boiled the mixture for about an hour, taking turns stirring, and gathering fire wood. When the water got low, we added some from the old mill river. The mixture was all colors of the rainbow. After boiling we decided to try our gas out. We gathered around and took a good deep breath, and everybody coughed and was gagged at once. The smell was enough to knock you over, and one breath was enough. The smell made us all sick, and we didn't dare to go home. I doubt very much if we could have made it, anyway. The places where we had touched the poison ivy berries were breaking out in a rash and getting itchy.

Then one of us hit on an idea. It seems his father gathered elderberries and made wine, and he said it made him feel very good after he drank it. We decided to make some, so we all went around and gathered the berries in our pockets. Our shirts were so stained we couldn't see the color of them, and our pockets were full of blue mush. We squashed the berries up and put them in a pan of brook water and then boiled the water. After it had cooled we all took a good drink. That finished us. We all staggered home, sick as dogs. My mother almost dropped when she saw

me, and I was put to bed and the doctor was sent for.

For three days after none of us were in school, but we were proud of ourselves, for our experiment had really worked. After a smell of that gas no one would be able to fight.

Gale Kleiner, '44

CONCENTRATION

The date is almost here that you've been looking forward to for weeks and weeks. In about eight hours, ten minutes and six seconds you'll be dancing around the smoothly waxed floor in a long swishing gown feeling as though you were on top of the world, but the big problem at present is how to subordinate a German clause. It certainly takes a lot of ability to pay attention when you're thinking of the music playing the Grand March and you're proudly walking down the center of the floor with your partner. It's so nice to gaze at each individual gown and admire it, but that is still eight hours, ten minutes and twenty-three seconds away, so now to concentrate on subordinate clauses.

I wonder how I'll wear my hair tonight. I'd like to have it fixed differently. Mary's hair always looks so nice, but I can't wear my hair that way. How shall I ever fix it?

The next thing you distinctly hear is Mr. Donovan saying, "Do you all understand that explanation?" As you look around you, you see all the students (who have the ability to pay attention) answering, "yes." Then, more than any other time you wish you had the ability to pay attention, especially when you're going to a prom in eight hours, three minutes and forty-nine seconds.

Shirley Donnelly, '44

BABYLAND

Here it is an utterly devastating May day, and nothing to do but look after a simply wonderful little girl. We commence our eventful afternoon by skipping down the street, with her little hand clenched firmly in mine. Suddenly we spot a stone wall, a typical New England one composed of very rickety stones. Oh, how I love them! What do we do but quickly prance over to them, and my little charge takes over from there. With a quick motion she is on the wall, all the time protesting that she does not need my hand to help her along. She tiptoes from one precarious position to the next, while I have all I can do just to keep a firm grasp on her. But time's a wasting here, when there's bigger play on the other side of the street. Just look at that! That's what you'd call fun, now.

Here is where I put my foot down. What does she think she is? Superman? That exciting looking six foot wall might have possibilities, but certainly not for us humans.

Let's not get stubborn now. There's no sense in standing here crying. Oh, she wants to be coaxed. Suddenly a brilliant idea flashes through my head. I can't understand why I didn't think of it before. We haven't seen the year and a half old baby a few houses away. I have to keep up with all these baby carriage friends, at least those in the one-to-three year old bracket.

There, now, I know the news on the baby world this week. Isn't it thrilling that so-and-so is getting two new teeth, and Johnny has had his first hair cut? And what do you think of that scandal about Mary's falling down in Jimmy's yard?

Suddenly a glance at my watch brings me back to earth. My, how time does fly in this monosyllabic world.

Joan Fitzgerald, '44

STREET CORNER FOOTBALL

One Sunday afternoon while out for a walk, it was my good fortune to witness a football game between two teams evidently playing for sheer joy of combat. When I arrived, a violent argument was in progress, with the unfortunate referee surrounded by both teams plus their rooters. He must have possessed the wisdom of Solomon, for, despite the many threats against his life and limb, he succeeded in clearing the field and getting the game resumed. There was no quarter asked or given in this battle, just push and shove, punch or trip, and from the condition of some of the faces, quite a bit of scratching.

After each play another argument broke out, until finally the referee, who was doing the officiating without any help, gave up his thankless task. His valedictory was given by the center of the team with uniforms, who jeered at the retreating figure, "You're lousy, anyway." After appealing to half a dozen or so of the older spectators, the players got one to consent to take the job. I asked a young boy who was standing near me why they were playing so roughly, and he, obviously amazed at my ignorance, informed me that they were playing for the championship. Upon my asking, "Championship of what?" he told me he didn't know.

The new official had as little success as did the first one in curbing the fight, until it seemed that they were only playing for the arguments that they could enjoy.

It finally became necessary for me to leave, and as I walked away, I heard the now thoroughly initiated referee yell, "If you guys don't play according to the rules, I'll call the game off." I don't know whether he did or not, but I do know that I am thankful I was born a girl.

Betty Hainsworth, '44

V-MAIL

On evenings when I'm all alone,
And my thoughts have gone astray,
I picture there on an island far
A soldier three years now away.

With pen in hand, just dipped in ink,
I proceed to write, "Dear Jim,"
But then I just can't concentrate,
My thoughts are there with him.

But as I sit and stare ahead
I realize what this means;
To him a V-mail brings more faith
Than anything else, it seems.

So once again I dip my pen,
And start to write of home,
That Sis is fine, and Don has gone
And left us all alone.

"His purpose was of course to fight.
He's now in Indiana,
And Bob just wrote to tell us all
He's been shipped to Alabama.

"The War Department sent us word
That Larry has arrived
Upon a war torn beach head,
'Twas Anzio we did decide.

"We also heard from Uncle Joe,
So worrying is past,
And he dropped a line to let us know
He got his stripes at last."

But here I stop to stare upon
Jim's picture on the shelf.
And then I start off to say,
"I hope you're in good health."

And after many steps like this,
I sign in the usual place,
And then I add a small P. S.
That God will keep him safe.

Shirley Wentworth, '46

WHEN FATHER'S SICK

It was getting to the point where I was actually wishing that Christmas vacation were over, and as I am one of the many who do not particularly like school, only going because it is absolutely required of me, you can imagine how bad the situation was.

Now before I go any further, let me explain about my dad. Have you ever had a puppy who would howl every time he was reminded with a "Poor little doggy" that Sis had run over his tail with the rocking chair the day before? Well, that's my pop.

It was nothing serious, only the flu. The first day he didn't bother us much. He quite enjoyed lying back and taking it easy while we fetched and carried for him. This outlook on the situation changed abruptly the day Dr. White called and told him he had a temperature of 102°. You'd have thought he was a dead duck! All he did was moan, and when we turned on the radio to drown him out, he'd moan all the louder. As the days went by he became worse and worse. He wanted alcohol rubs and egg-nogs all day long. "Don't make so much noise! Do you have to talk so loud? Will somebody please bring me an ice-bag before my head burns a hole through the pillow? Sis, turn off that radio! All I want is peace and quiet."

All he wanted was "peace and quiet."

So you could now imagine what it was like, when Dr. White made his second call three days later. Before he went in to see Dad, Mom, Sis and I cornered him in the kitchen and told him how miserable our lives had been, so we schemed up a little plot.

Dr. White took father's pulse and temperature with the most serious of bedside airs. Then he said, "Well, Fred,, you don't seem to be making much progress along the road to re-

covery. I think we'd better take you to the hospital for a week or two."

Father has always had a deathly fear of hospitals, associating them with pain, death and operations; and he quickly and violently argued with the doctor.

The next day he was up and about "as good as new," and when we tried to remind him of how ill he had been only twenty-four hours before, he blamed it on us, saying that we had made him feel sick with all the attention we had given him.

Just what can you do with a father like that except love him to death?

Gloria Bottai, '46

THE RADIO

The radio, although invented for a great purpose, has become a cause of much dissension within a family. After supper there is a rush to get the radio first, and whoever loses doesn't give up until a long and heated argument has taken place. Almost invariably the argument ends with nobody's getting the radio, as all the programs to be heard are over. Junior simply cannot miss the important chapter of Superman. Father must get the news now, although he could wait until later in the evening. Mother must get the recipe which is to be given on a certain program.

On a hot summer day nothing is more pleasant for a man than to recline on a couch and listen to a ball game. But if the wife is the boss, there will be no ball game! Then there is the young adolescent who listens to the latest swing bands. He will play the radio so loudly there is no need to have another one in the neighborhood. There seems to be only one solution to the problem, a radio for each person and sound proof rooms.

John Bamford, '44

POINTS OF INTEREST IN NEW YORK CITY

"Let's visit Times Square," suggested my companion. "Would you like to?"

So off we started. I was particularly joyous, because everything seemed much more beautiful and glamorous at night. We boarded one of those noisy subways and quickly arrived at our destination.

The beautiful scene left me gasping for breath. Above a store there was a wonderful neon sign, with brilliantly colored fish, the size of a box car, and a real water fall. A cartoon made possible by lights flashing very rapidly on and off was the center of interest. In fact there was no end of amazing things in Times Square.

My friend informed me that I was liable to see anything in New York. The great number of people on the street at that hour, around ten-thirty p. m., seemed rather unusual because I was so accustomed to North Andover's deserted streets at night. Another thing which I had never seen was the huge newspaper building around which flashed the latest news by means of electric bulbs.

We also visited the Statue of Liberty. I was really a little frightened ascending the narrow curling stairway, because it extended so high. I had a magnificent feeling, being so close to our symbol of liberty of which I had heard and read so much.

Saint Patrick's Cathedral was like a preview of heaven. Music from unseen organs filled the air with glowing exultation. Pretty flowers adorned the altar. A number of bishop's caps were suspended from the ceiling in the front of the church by strings. When a bishop dies that is where his cap goes. It is a kind of tradition.

The Hayden Planetarium impressed me deeply. We entered and seated ourselves at the rear of a large

global shaped room. Near us was a strange looking machine, the like of which I had never seen, that caused the scenes we were about to witness. Almost immediately the lights were dimmed and the skyline appeared around us. Then gradually a few stars came out, then a few more, and in a couple of minutes the heavens were covered with them. A man explained that this was just the way the sky appeared when our Lord was born. He explained many other interesting details, and presented a truly beautiful and impressing program.

"I have had a wonderful time," I thought to myself, summing up the points of interest at the end of the trip.

Anna Miller, '47

CHARLIE SPIVAK

The most interesting person I have ever met is none other than "The Man Who Plays the Sweetest Trumpet in the World." That, of course, is Charlie Spivak.

The story of how I came to meet him is rather strange. On February twenty-second, my birthday, my brother said that as a birthday present he would take me to the Keith's Boston Theatre, to see a great favorite of mine, Charlie Spivak.

On February twenty-third an accident happened to me and I was taken to the Lawrence General Hospital. While I was there I told one of the nurses that now I wouldn't be able to see Charlie Spivak. My brother overheard the remark and visited Mr. Spivak to explain the circumstances to him. Charlie autographed a picture for me and also made plans to come to visit me.

He came to see me on a Tuesday, although advised by his doctor to stay in bed and treat a sore throat.

Charlie Spivak is not only a great musician but also a great fellow to know.

Donald Kimel, '46

FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING

"... a window so clean it wasn't there. . ."

"... small one armed chairs lined up straight as though they were at attention. . ."

Jack Howard, '44

"The roller coaster is a furious roar of fun, joy and laughter."

John Warwick, '44

"The stars shone like a million tiny silver sequins in the black velvet of the sky."

Ursula Fitzgerald, '44

"The bright flowery printed chair stood in the corner like a splash from a painter's brush."

Margaret Connelly, '44

"The little faun colored spaniel puppy reminded one of a ball of beige yarn as he lay asleep in his basket."

Jane Russell, '44

"... the weathervane, twisting and turning like the fickleness of a human mind. . ."

Herbert Sperry, '44

"The lawn mower like some wicked war machine cut the thousands of bright green stems down as if they were the enemy."

John Burns, '44

LIMERICKS

There was a young boy in his teens,
Who thought he would join the
Marines;

His fighting afar

Has made him a star,

Now he's the pride of the U. S.
Marines.

A Wac and a Wave and a Spar
Enlisted to travel afar;

But on the first mile,

They learned with a smile,

How really essential they are.

A wise owl sat in a tree,

And he winked and he blinked at me;

I asked, "Can you see?"

He said, "Why, certainly!

I'm a Quiz Kid bird, don't you see?"

William Torrey, Jr., '46

WATCH YOURSELF

When you're tired of life,
 When you're tired of fun,
 When there are things to do
 That just won't be done,
 When trouble is near,
 And sympathy slight,
 When everything's wrong,
 And nothing goes right,
 When all are against you,
 And holding you back
 When everything's dull,
 And seems, oh, so black,
 Just count all your blessings,
 And think the thing through,
 And maybe you'll find
 That it's not they, it's you.

Audrey Ferrin, '46

SOUTH STATION, 1944

"Express to New York," called the conductor as the crowd of harassed travelers surged through South Station. My sister hadn't arrived yet, so while waiting I idly watched the milling throngs. Their mode of dress, facial expressions, and attitudes fascinated me. Each no doubt had some interesting reason for being here.

Long, sad, and dejected faces, whose owners were barely holding back the tears, tried to smile bravely at their departing relatives. Once out of sight, they could no longer restrain themselves, and pitying strangers comforted them. There was the business man who waved gaily to his wife as he swung aboard. Yes, it was just another jaunt for him. A young newly-wed couple stood radiant, surrounded by well-wishers. This was a joyous crowd with not a tearful face in sight.

The people most interesting, however, are those who are waiting for furlough bound servicemen. Eager mothers and friends search intently the weary travelers, looking for the one who has brought them here. Suddenly the bewildered soul is over-

whelmed and greeted by bright smiles.

I think the most heartbreaking are the mothers who wait for the boys that don't come. Sometimes they spend all Saturday afternoon waiting for the train. Their disappointment is borne as bravely as any misfortune on the battlefield.

Marilyn Drummond, '44

APPLYING FOR A POSITION

Have you ever applied for a position? Then perhaps you can sympathize with me. About seven months ago I abruptly decided I was going to work in the five and ten. Yes—as a salesgirl. As I knew nothing of the procedure, I was naturally quite timid. Certainly you must have been, too, when you applied for your first position. From the much confused and welcomed advice of my friends, I concluded that I should obtain my social security card first. Although I got lost on the second floor of the post office, I had not much difficulty doing this.

Later, as I entered the store diffidently, I acquired a sense of prominence and conspicuousness, as though everyone knew of my mission and was interested in the outcome. The idea that all anyone could say to me was "No!" was of very little consolation to me. Finally, regaining my composure, I marched defiantly toward the office.

"May I have an application?" I asked hesitantly.

The "Why, certainly" which was so quickly flung back at me left me completely stunned for a few seconds.

I then proceeded to fill out the application, still feeling the whole store was minutely watching me. Still a little shaky, but definitely relieved, I hastily retraced my steps till I was out on the street. That certainly was one ordeal I didn't care to go through for a while again.

Phyllis Dearden, '44

A MEMORABLE MEMORIAL DAY

After playing *The Star Spangled Banner*, the band left the church. We marched toward the cemetery playing *Anchors Aweigh*. Halfway through it, my clarinet squeaked, and finally stopped playing altogether. "What's the matter with it?" I was puzzled because it had never done that before. I shook it a little, and a key pad suddenly fell into my hand. Perhaps you don't know what key pads are, but without them a clarinet will not play. So you see what a predicament I was in. The band had stopped playing, and only the drums were beating as we marched along. "What shall I do?" I wondered. Then suddenly a brilliant idea popped into my head. I would stick the key pad back in with gum! I took a stick out of my pocket and started chewing furiously. Finally I pulled off a small piece of gum, stuck it on the pad, and put the pad back in my clarinet just two seconds before we started playing *Under the Double Eagle*. The clarinet played as well as ever (thanks to the gum). Now, I always carry gum with me whenever I play, in case it should ever have to save the day again.

Patricia Chadwick, '46

ROUGH PASSAGE

The life at sea is wonderful unless—ah! but that dreaded word, seasickness.

We were three hours out of Boston on the ship "S. S. Boston" and were approaching the entrance to the Cape Cod Canal when a fog began to blanket the whole area. The boat, amid the blare of foghorns, only edged along. First came a shrill horn to the left, then one to the right, then the deep blare of our own, and then a loud blare directly ahead. We were safe, however, for the boat had dropped since the fog had be-

come very thick. We lay in this awesome place for sixteen hours, everything dripping wet from the fog. An awful hush lay all around, broken only by the foghorns. After sixteen hours the fog began to lift and we continued on through the ditch. But then the worst part of the voyage was still ahead. Mountainous waves began to roll across Long Island Sound. The ship rolled from side to side and pitched from stem to stern at the same time. Oh! Were we sick! All this was aided by the fact that we were sailing at full speed in order to make up for lost time. Some of us fellows just sat in the chairs and turned green, while others went below and lay in their bunks, and to add to our plight the older folks found us very comical and seemed to have no sympathy for us. We had one satisfaction, however, that was a record run; the longest time it ever took a boat to sail from Boston to New York—thirty hours.

Norman T. Campbell, '46

CONFESSIONS OF A BEGINNER

During the last summer vacation I had what is generally known as the privilege of being taught horseback riding. In selecting the poor brute that I was to ride, I was very choosy indeed. Nothing but the oldest for me. I wouldn't look at an agile looking horse. Finally I chose one with the most weary look about him, and my teacher, Carl, hoisted me onto Lucky's swaying back. My first thought was that the altitude would surely make me airsick.

Well, we joggled along fairly well, but when Carl tapped Lucky with his riding crop, the animal became amazingly spritely for his years and went hurtling down the trail by leaps and bounds.

As we sailed along, I began to wail, and also to invent some very

new, and very interesting cuss words, which I hurled rapidly at the animal's heedless ears. Finally I regained my senses enough to know that pulling the reins was the only language he knew, and, infuriated though I was, he didn't understand my other form. I stopped him in that manner. My teacher was speechless with anxiety as he galloped next to my faithful old pinto and me.

It was several weeks before any amount of wheedling and coaxing could get me to attempt another ride on a horse.

Roberta Savoy, '45

MY GRANDFATHER'S EXCITING EXPERIENCE

When my Grandfather was about seventeen he went to sea. He sailed on a three masted schooner. On one trip the boat was passing Newfoundland and was caught in the ice. There were small openings in the ice all

about them. A few of the men decided to take a small boat out. They had gotten away from the ship a little way when they saw a huge piece of ice. The boat slowly passed by it. They were just beyond the piece of ice when they heard a roar. They turned the boat and rowed over to investigate. Just as they rounded the corner a huge polar bear lunged into the water. He made straight for the boat. My grandfather, being in the prow of the boat, seized a two headed woodsman's axe. When the bear came near enough, he hit him on the head with the side of the axe. This stunned him. Then my grandfather took a huge swing and buried the axe deep in the polar bear's skull. This killed him. The men hauled the bear into the boat and rowed back to the schooner. They gave the skin to the captain. My grandfather got the jaw of the bear and he gave it to me. I have the jaw at home now.

Richard Shellnut, '47

ACTIVITIES

"BEST FOOT FORWARD" CELEBRATION

This year's production, "Best Foot Forward," was a great success. The three performances were sell-outs and the hall was filled to capacity. To fete the cast, various members were taken to the Andover Country Club for dinner and dancing. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, Miss Donlan, and Miss Torpey accompanied the group. Those present were: Shirley Hamilton, Ursula Fitzgerald, Ann LaFountain, Roger Smith, Carl Schofield, Fred Messina, Thomas Giaquinta, Dot McDowell, Fred Crosdale, Roberta Hutton, Barbara Dandeneau, Anna McKinnon, Ralph Davis, William Finneran, and Harold Dushame.

SENIOR MARSHAL, JUNIOR USHERS

This year because of the war and the draft no graduate boys could be found to usher at graduation. Seven junior boys have been chosen. They are: Carl Schofield, Fred Messina, John Wood, Roger Smith, Stewart Wilson, and William Finneran. The seniors chose Harry MacPherson for their marshal.

GIRLS NOW JUNIOR MARSHALS

Because of the man shortage the junior class has turned to the ever-ready women to be class marshals. Lorraine Lewis and Jeannette Rea have been chosen by their classmates to that honorary position.

SENIOR PROM

This year's senior class chose a prom for the last social function of the Class of 1944. The hall was decorated with spring flowers in a garden motif. There were approximately seventy couples attending. Tony Brown's orchestra played for dancing. The committee included: seniors, Marian Stewart, Doris Stewart, Viola Ruess; Tom Gosselin, Fred Crosdale and John Cyr; juniors, Dot McDowell, Lorraine Lewis, John Sullivan and William McEvoy. Miss Buckley was faculty adviser.

CAPS AND GOWNS FOR GRADUATION

This year's senior class has broken the tradition of white dresses for the graduation exercises. They have decided instead upon caps and gowns because many of the boys are going into the service and a new suit would be an unnecessary expense. The boys have chosen maroon and black and the girls white. Graduation exercises are to be held June twenty-third.

BASKETBALL DANCE

The members of the girls' basketball team held a dance May 12th. The proceeds of the dance are to be spent on a vacation for the girls at Hampton Beach. The dance was an overwhelming success, thanks to the committee. The chaperones were: Miss Kelly and Miss Buckley. The general chairman of the affair was Anne Agey. The committee: Shirley Hamilton, Ursula Fitzgerald, Claire Driscoll, Doris Stewart, Viola Ruess, Ann LaFountain, Jeannette Rea, Beverly Howard, Irene Costello, Marian Stewart and Lorraine Lewis.

CLASS SONG

This year's class song was written by Hasmig Kasparian, a new student at Johnson. Congratulations, Hasmig.

CIVIL SERVICE

Many Civil Service positions have been granted senior girls. These girls took tests not so long ago in shorthand, and type. Now many of them have secured these jobs through the office.

BARBARA DANDENEAU JUNIOR TOWN MEETING SPEAKER

In the last issue the participation in a nation-wide contest by Barbara Dandeneau was brought to your attention. Barbara was chosen to speak on the "Junior Town Meeting of the Air" May sixth. She gave her original speech, "Social Security from the Cradle to the Grave." Many of the students tuned in and many congratulations on her excellent job go to Barbara.

BASEBALL

The boys have had a very successful season on the diamond this year. Johnson has won eight games and lost only three. This year's team consists of: MacPherson, Gosselin, Mitchell, J. Sullivan, McEvoy, Thompson, Rennie, Crotch, Milne, Evangelos, Long, Poh, Seymour, Drummond, and Wilkinson.

The results of the games played:

Johnson	14	St. John's	12
Johnson	4	Methuen	2
Johnson	2	Andover J. V.	4
Johnson	14	Tewksbury	3
Johnson	18	St. John's	2
Johnson	9	Lawrence Seconds	10
Johnson	7	Punchard	0
Johnson	6	Andover J. V.	3
Johnson	2	Methuen	1
(twelve innings)			
Johnson	3	Lawrence Seconds	7
Johnson	11	Punchard	3

The most interesting game of the season was the recent Johnson vs. Methuen duel. This game was a thrilling pitchers' battle which lasted

twelve innings. Harry MacPherson was the victor in the battle, Arthur Delduca of Methuen losing out in the 12th inning when, with a man on third, and two out, he started to give MacPherson an intentional walk. However, in so doing, he failed to stay on the rubber and on the third ball the Johnson bench called for a balk and Umpire-in-Chief Jack Cronin ordered Donald Rennie in with what proved to be the winning run. Rennie had tripled into deep right with one out, and Thompson was called on strikes after Rennie's hit.

MacPherson allowed but two hits while the North Andover boys collected seven, while MacPherson fanned 17 and Delduca 16. The Methuen boy passed four and MacPherson three.

U. F.
C. H.

MACPHERSON JOINS THE BRAVES

Our ace twirler, Harry MacPherson, has left school to play baseball at the Hartford Club. This club is connected with the Boston Braves. "Mac" is also the leading batter on the team. We all wish you luck, "Mac"!

1943 ROLL CALL

Allen, James—*Army*
Anderson, Charlotte—*Boston Trust Co.*
Aponovich, Virginia—*Burdett College*
Bamford, Alice—*Lawrence General Hospital*
Barker, George—*Farming*
Bunker, Ruth—*Wood Mill*
Burgson, Barbara—*Jackson College*
Campbell, Vivian—*Maine General Hospital*
Casale, Eva—*Meadow Brook Soft Water Laundry*
Carroll, George—*Macartney's*
Carvell, Kenneth—*Army*
Chase, Mary Ann—*Salem Teachers' College*
Cohen, Ruth—*Super Store*
Connelly, Dennis—*Navy*
Cramton, Chester—*Army*
Cunningham, May—*St. Joseph's Hospital*
Cuomo, Carmela—*Colton Giesberg Co.*
Currier, Louise—*Stillman Shoe Co.*
Currier, Luella—*At home*

Dainowski, Pauline—*McIntosh Commercial School*
Deighan, William—*Army*
Dempsie, Margaret—*Lawrence General Hospital*
Detora, Gilda—*V and P Garage*
Dill, Warren—*Army*
Doiron, Dorothy—*Sutherland's*
Donnelly, Joseph—*Navy*
Driscoll, Eileen—*Mary Brooks School*
Driscoll, Francis—*St. Michael's College*
Bubruel, Barbara—*Professional Dancer*
Dutton, Charles—*Army*
Dyer, Dewey—*Navy*
Earl, Barbara—*Russell Sage College*
Farrell, John—*Bowdoin College*
Fenton, Barbara—*Mary Washington College*
Finn, Barbara—*Sutherland's*
Ford, Kathleen—*McIntosh Commercial School*
Girard, Kenneth—*Army*
Gordon, John—*Army*
Greenler, Margaret—*Emmanuel College*
Greenwood, John—*Navy*
Hall, Sylvia—*Jordan Marsh Company*
Hayman, William—*Army*
Kaufmann, Frederick—*Fore River Ship Yard*
Kennedy, Jean—*Kirk's Market*
Kent, Dorothy—*Arlington Mill*
Kreusel, Betty—*Lawrence General Hospital*
Lafond, Leo—*Army*
Lafond, Louise—*Meadow Brook Soft Water Laundry*
Lambert, Claire—*Wood Mill*
Lefebvre, Bernice—*Andover Savings Bank*
Long, Carl—*Navy*
Lund, Marion—*Burdett College*
Lundquist, Raymond—*Navy*
Lyon, Marcella—*Married*
MacArthur, Lea—*Ayer Mill*
Margerison, Mary—*Lynn General Electric*
Marshall, Etta—*Brockelman's Market*
Milne, Alexander—*Army*
Parker, Lois—*Calvin Coolidge College*
Payson, Richard—*Farming*
Rea, Perley—*Farming*
Ritchie, Rachel—*Associated Transport Co., Inc.*
Sarcione, Edward—*St. Michael's College*
Schofield, Raymond—*Navy*
Sperry, June—*Lynn General Electric*
Stewart, John—*Army*
Walsh, Eva—*Stevens Mill*
Walsh, John—*Army*
Weatherbee, Miriam—*Westbrooke Junior College*
Welch, Carolyn—*North Andover Ration Board*
Welch, William—*Navy*
Wentworth, Robert—*Army*
Whittier, Ruth—*Post-Graduate at Johnson*
Wilkinson, Mary—*Lowell Textile School*
Winning, Dorothy—*McIntosh Commercial School*
Wood, Virginia—*Broadway Theatre*

EXCHANGES

The Aegis

Beverly High School

Beverly, Mass.

We like your magazine. Your frontispiece was super.

The Archon

Governor Dummer Academy

South Byfield, Mass.

Your pictures were very good and your sports write-up was tops.

The Meteor

Berlin High School

Berlin, N. H.

Your theme of radio was carried out extremely well.

Tiger High-Lights

Ogden High School

Ogden, Utah

Excellent as usual!

The Cryptian

Crypt School

Gloucester, England

Your editorials are superb. We don't see how you do so well under war conditions. More power to you!

Sayrenade

Sayre High School

Sayre, Pa.

The essay, "My Sister," was very amusing. We enjoyed your candid shots, too.

J. R.

SOCIABLE SUSIE SAYS:

Johnson High should remember this senior class for some time to come. They certainly started something by graduating in caps and gowns.

Certain senior girls seem to have collected the title of cradle-snatchers somewhere during their career. Going to bring them up your own way?

Wouldn't you think that boys in the senior class who are supposed to be intelligent could find something better to read in a study period than a funny book?

Have you ever noticed how many girls mysteriously appear with a sunburn in the middle of the day? Must be remote control!

Congratulations go to Harry MacPherson for his wonderful performances on the baseball field and lots of good luck to him in the future.

Also congratulations go to Barbara Dandeneau for her recent experience broadcasting and also on her scholarship to Emmanuel.

The seniors wish to take this opportunity to say their last farewells, and to request Johnson not to forget them too soon.

That's the story for this year, but we'll see you all at good old Happy Hampton.

S. H.

CHUCKLES

It happened at an income tax office in Washington. A resident with his form all filled out approached the bay window and laid a quarter on the ledge.

"What's that for?" asked the clerk, who had read the total amount of the tax.

"Why, that's for my income tax. They told me I could pay a quarter at a time."

Physician: "You still take your morning bath, I suppose."

Patient: "Never miss it. Sometimes I take it hot, sometimes I take it cold, and when I'm in a hurry, I take it for granted."

The following announcement appeared recently in a local newspaper:

"A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Martin Thousand. The new baby makes three Thousand girls and three Thousand boys in the family."

Soft soap is 90% lye.

Mother Nature is a remarkable woman, but she still can't jump from summer to winter without a fall, nor from winter to summer without a spring.

A wealthy movie star, who was entertaining at various camps in England, was invited to a country house for the week-end festivities.

"You American girls haven't such healthy complexions as we English women have," observed the Duchess to the movie star. "I always wonder why our noblemen take a fancy to your white faces."

"Oh," responded the star quickly, "it isn't our white faces that attract them. . . . it's our greenbacks."

Two boys who managed to be unruly in school so exasperated their teacher that she required them to remain after hours and write their names 1000 times. They plunged into the task. Some fifteen minutes later one of them grew uneasy and began watching his companion in disgrace. Suddenly the first broke out with despair between his sobs and said to the teacher: "Tain't fair! His name is Lee and mine is O'Shaughnessy."

A local boy on a U. S. battleship writes that he never knows where his next meal is going to.

Jackson: "I noticed you got up and gave that lady your seat in the street car the other day."

Hackson: "Since childhood I have respected a woman with a strap in her hand."

Customer: "The sausages you sent me were meat at one end and bread crumbs at the other."

Butcher: "Quite so, madam. In these hard times it is very difficult to make both ends meat."

An American newspaper correspondent in Japan wrote to a friend, "I don't know if this letter will ever arrive, because the Japanese censor may open it." A week later he received a note from the Japanese post office saying, "The statement in your letter is not correct. We do not open letters."

Jones (at 2:00 A. M.): "I shay, officer, is thish Blank Street?"

Officer: "Yes."

Jones: "Wish you'd d'rect me t' 411. Goin' t' attend a lecture there."

Officer: "Who's givin' a lecture at this hour?"

Jones: "My wife, offisher, my dear wife."

Street Car Conductor: "Pardon me, madam, are all those your children, or is it a picnic?"

Passenger: "They're all mine and I'll have ye know it's no picnic."

A bachelor is a man who never "Mrs." anything.

"I hear you and the leading lady are on the outs."

Electrician: "Yeah, it was one of those quick change scenes with the stage all dark. She asked for her tights and I thought she said lights."

SONG TITLES

"G. I. Jive" *Ralph Davis*

"Milkman, Keep Those Bottles Quiet" *Marian Stewart*

"I Love You"

Don Rennie, Claire Lewis

"Suddenly It's Spring" *Lazy Seniors*

"Celery Stalks at Midnight"

Joan Fitzgerald

"Long Ago and Far Away"

Men in Town

"Goodnight, Wherever You Are"

Servicemen

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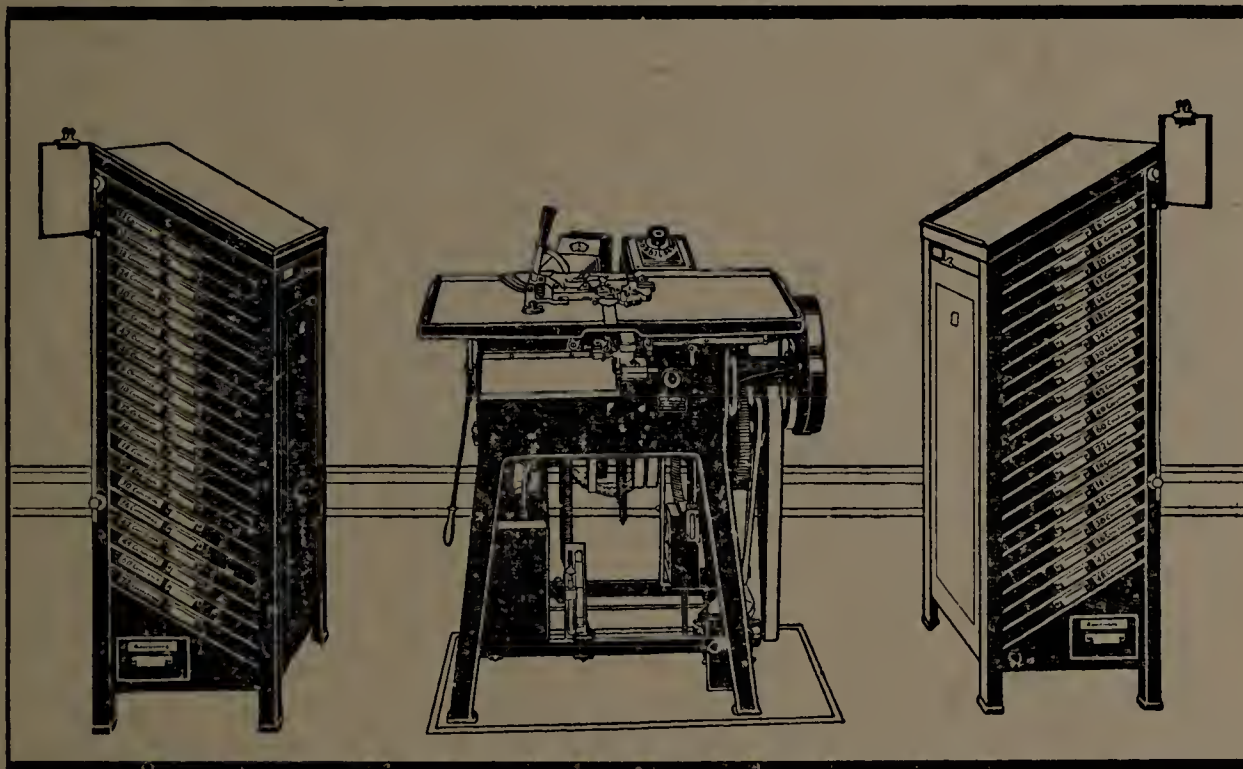
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